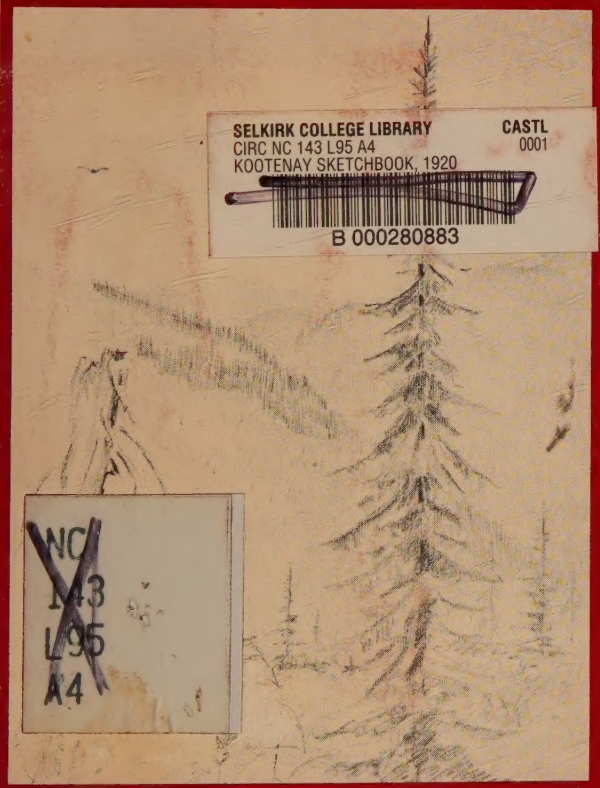


SELKIRK COLLEGE LIBRARY
CASTL
CIRC NC 143 L95 A4
0001
KOOTENAY SKETCHBOOK, 1920
B 000280883

NC
143
L95
A4

Kootenay Sketchbook 1920

by
Alice Bruce

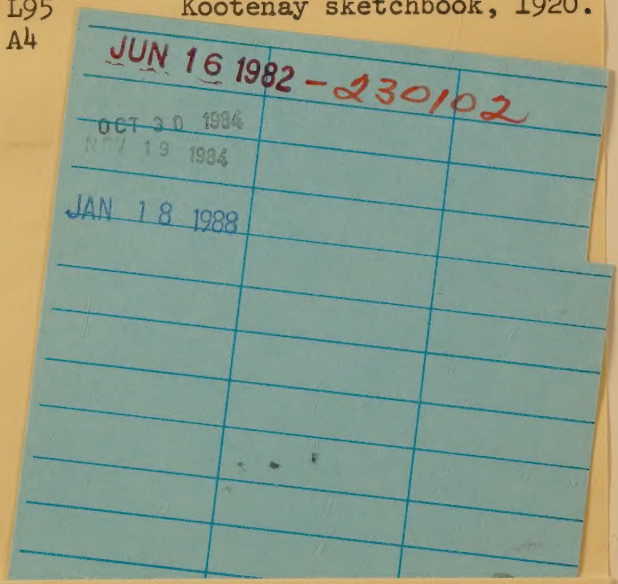
with
drawings from
the sketchbook of
Kathleen Lymbery
1891 ~ 1974

CIRC {CASTL} MB/280883
NC/143/L95/A4
C. 1
BRUCE, ALICE.
KOOTENAY SKETCHBOOK, 1920

NC
143
L95
A4

Bruce, A.

Kootenay sketchbook, 1920.



SELKIRK COLLEGE LIBRARY
CASTLEGAR, B.C.

6.95T

DEVIL'S CLUB

Kootenay Sketchbook 1920

by Alice Bruce

with drawings from the sketchbook of Kathleen Lymbery 1891~1974

Pigweed Press Limited, Winlaw, British Columbia

SELKIRK COLLEGE LIBRARY
CASTLEGAR, B. C.

Copyright © 1981 Pigweed Press Ltd., Winlaw, B.C.

All rights reserved. No part of this work covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means — graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or information storage and retrieval systems — without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Typeset and printed by Pigweed Press Limited
Cover printed by Wayside Press Ltd., Vernon
Bound by Able Bindery, Vancouver
Design by Dan Armstrong

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Bruce, Alice.
Kootenay Sketchbook 1920

ISBN 0-919569-00-5 (bound)
ISBN 0-919569-01-3 (paperback)

1. Drawing - British Columbia - Kootenay region. 2. Kootenay region (B.C.) in art.
I. Lymbery, Kathleen, 1891-1974. II. Title.
NC143.L95A4 1981 741.9711'45 C81-091322-4

Dedication

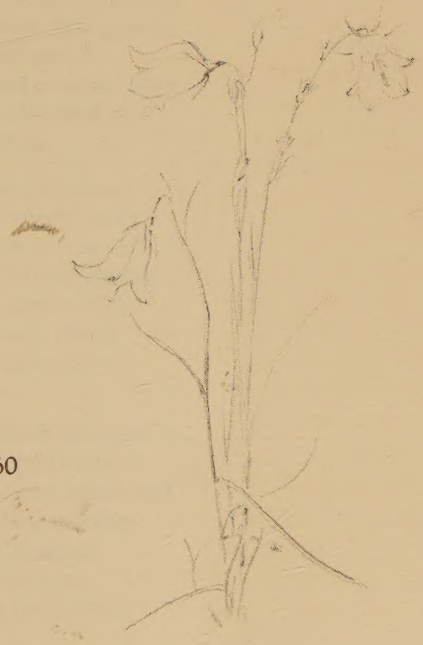
This book is dedicated to the Kootenay spirit with its independence, individuality and ingenuity — characteristics possessed in good measure by all those mentioned in "Kootenay Sketchbook."

Contents

How this Book Came to Be 1
Crawford Bay in 1920 3
Entrance to Crawford Bay 4
Kootenay Lake from Smith Point 6
Benacre Ranch - South View 8
Tea Time 10
Kokanee 12
Lime Lake 14
Kootenay Lake from Cordiana's 16
Dead Trees by Mill Road 18
Hills Behind Crawford Bay 20
Gray Creek Trail 22
Ore Bin 24
Saskatoon Blossom 26
Looking towards Main Lake 28
Part of Woodshed 30
Benacre Ranch - North View 32
From Coffee Creek 34

Ward Street 36
Vernon Street 38
Intake - June 40
Crawford Bay Wharf 42
From La France 44
Late Snow near Raineville 46
Gray Creek Sun Spot 48
Star of Bethlehem 50
Gray Creek Trail 52
Picnic Bay 54
Kootenay Fiords 56
Rose's Pass 58
Looking Back from Sawyer Pass Trail to Rose Pass 60
From Hazel May 62
St. Mary's River 64
Crawford Creek Ford 66

Postscript 68



How this Book Came to Be

The year was 1915 and the people of the British Isles were realizing that the World War which had broken out the year before was not going to be a brief conflict but a long and bitter struggle. Most men had gone to the front in France but many remained working in factories and in essential industries such as farming. For a greater war effort women were recruited to work in the factories and on the farms to free able bodied men for the fighting. Thus was born the Womens Land Army.

In Wiltshire, England, Kathleen Warren was employed as a school teacher. The idea of working out of doors and helping the war effort at the same time appealed to her. She joined the Land Army and was sent for training to a farm in Norfolk. Here she was instructed in harnessing and handling a team of horses so that she could become a carter, as a driver of a team was known. Soon she made a lifelong friend. Anne Gooch, a Canadian from Crawford Bay, B.C., was also training in Norfolk.

At the conclusion of training Anne and Kathleen were both assigned to Kathleen's father's 800 acre farm in Wiltshire. Here they cared for and drove the horses who pulled the plows, harrows, mowers, hay rakes and wagons. In 1915, propriety dictated that the girls wear heavy woolen serge britches covered by equally heavy long wool skirts. Imagine haymaking on a July day in this outfit! Naturally, the skirts were gradually shortened and then finally by war's end entirely discarded.

Another hazard was that some of the dozen or so horses were known biters or kickers. Of course, the head carter when assigning horses would reduce his liability by giving these to the girls, especially to Kathleen, the farmer's daughter.

In 1918, the Armistice came. Major Gooch, Anne's husband, was released from the army to return home to Crawford Bay. Before leaving however, Anne extracted a firm promise from Kathleen and her brother, Tom, to visit the Gooches in the romantic land of British Columbia. The sketches in this book were made as a diary of that 1920-1921 visit.

Crawford Bay in 1920

Crawford Bay in 1920 was a young and vigorous community. Orchards were still being planted and farms established. Community organizations thrived; this was the heyday of the Women's Institute, Crawford Bay Fall Fair, Gray Creek Regatta. Settlers came from all walks of life, eager to take up their new occupation as fruit ranchers. Most were British or Scandanavian. Some were wealthy, but most were not.

Sixty years ago, Crawford Bay was a somewhat larger village than it is today. It was actually two villages, each with its own store and post office. On the main road that led to Kootenay Bay, today's Highway 3A, was the Port Crawford post office. The official Crawford Bay post office was situated on the east shore wagon road which according to Oscar Burden closely followed the ancient game trail that woodland caribou pounded out in their yearly migration to warm winter quarters in the Kootenay Lake valley. On the golf course, cattle grazed and fruit trees bloomed.

Entrance to Crawford Bay

Sixty years ago all important journeys were made by water so this was a newcomer's first view of Crawford Bay. Two or three times a week a sternwheeler, usually S.S. Moyie, would unload passengers, mail, supplies for the local store and take on board crates of fruit, cans of cream and other produce of the small communities. Heavy freight moved by barge. Boat day was social occasion as settlers met the boat, collected mail and exchanged news.

If you believe that transportation has improved in the last half century, imagine boarding the boat at 6 a.m., sitting down to a 35 cent bacon and egg breakfast served by white-jacketed waiters at linen covered tables laden with gleaming silverware. Canadian Pacific's dining room service was as good on its lake boats as on its ocean liners. Breakfast over, the travellers would greet friends as they boarded from west arm communities and enjoy the cruise down the river to Nelson. Promptly at 10 a.m., the boat whistled and docked at the foot of Ward Street. Passengers hurried up town to do their business. Lunch would probably be enjoyed at the Hume Hotel. Late afternoon saw the travellers returning, glad to be going back to the cool greeness of Crawford Bay.

Kootenay Lake from Smith Point

Smith Point, in Gray Creek, has always been a noted fishing spot. From the cliff a fisherman could cast directly into deep water. (He still can, if B.C. Hydro has not been up to its usual tricks with the lake level.)

In 1920, Smith Point was the home of Edgar Smith and his family. The Smiths had built an attractive home and established an orchard. The eldest daughter, Catherine, always cherished writing ambitions. Later when she married the rancher next door, Leonard Clark, she continued to work at her writing. Story after story was painstakingly transcribed in nickel scribblers purchased from the local store. Finally success came when MacMillan of Canada accepted a series of children's books. Two which are set in the Gray Creek — Crawford Bay area are "The Golden Pine Cone" and "The Sunhorse".

Today, the Smith property has become Eastshore Lodge and Cottages and is still known as a fishing spot. The highway has taken much of the orchard but in the lodge the visitor can find evidence of Edgar Smith's craftsmanship.

KOOTENAY LAKE

Benacre Ranch

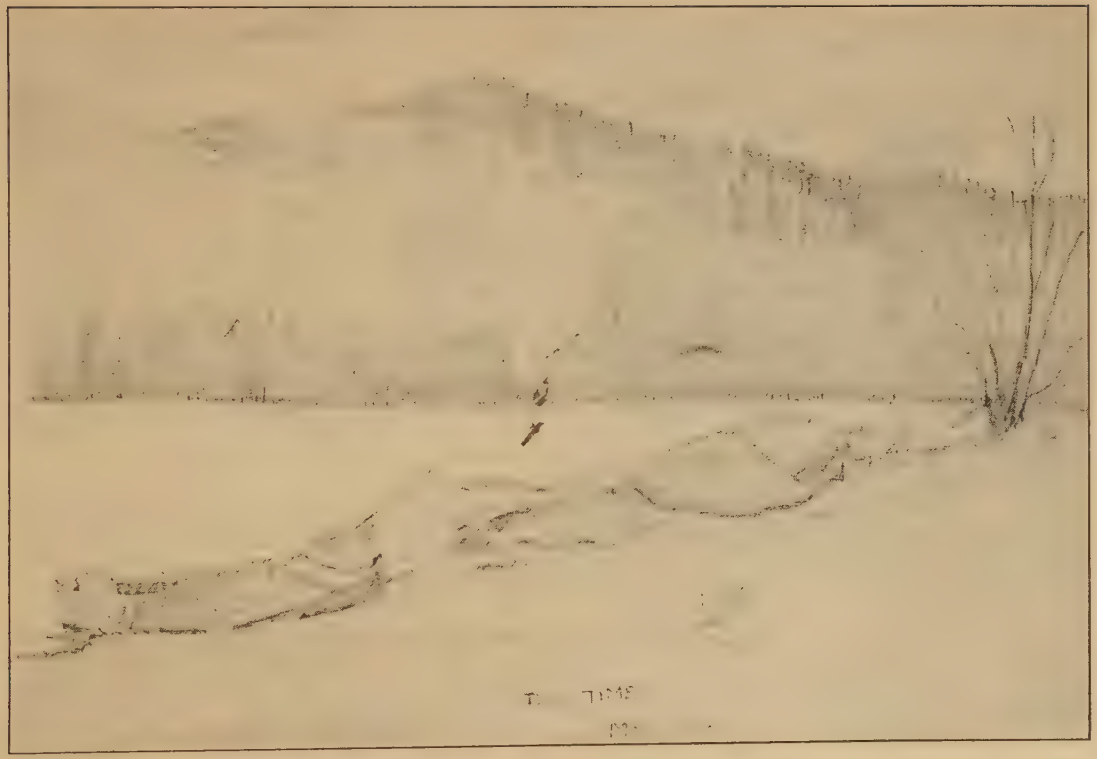
A group of British army and naval officers chose Crawford Bay for their retirements. Each built a large basementless house in the English style with spacious high ceilinged rooms each heated by a fireplace. Benacre Ranch, owned by Major and Mrs. Gooch, was typical. Cool and pleasant in summer it tended to be definitely chilly in winter as the Gooches did not believe in pampering themselves. They rose early and spent much of the day working on the orchard and developing a beautiful garden. There were four meals — breakfast, lunch, tea and a late supper. Fishing and climbing expeditions were frequent and it was then that Kathleen did most of her sketching as she did not care for fishing.

BEMACRE

Tea Time

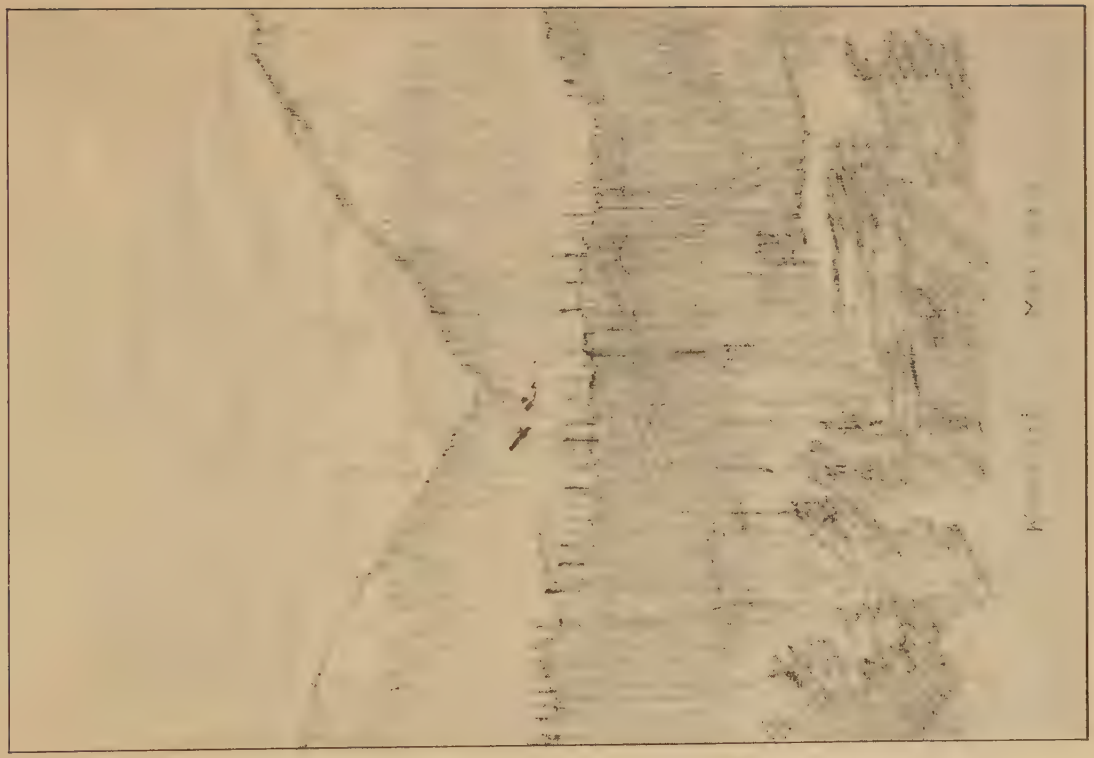
It would have been a day spent trolling in the bay and exploring the shoreline. Were there geese nesting in Fishhawk Bay? Was the pair of loons out by Cape Horn still there and were they raising a family?

Now it's time to land at one of the small beaches and for some to try fly fishing from the rocks while others build a driftwood fire and put on a billycan of water to boil for tea.



Kokanee

Most of Crawford Bay has a spectacular view of Kokanee Glacier. In the days before hourly weather forecasts, people looked due west towards the glacier to assess the day's weather and to note the passing of the seasons. Sometimes the 9000 foot peak is entirely shrouded in clouds as it attests to the fact that another storm is moving in from the west. A few small clouds near the peak is the best forecast. Too sharp a view of the mountain and of the nearer hills often means rain. Towards the end of a long hot summer the snow and ice look worn and almost dusty and it is with relief that locals see that the first early September snow has whitened Kokanee again. I have been told that in Switzerland each village has its closely observed weather forecast mountain called its "house mountain". Truly Kokanee is Crawford Bay's house mountain.



Lime Lake

Largest of the three small lakes on the Pilot Bay — Cape Horn Peninsula, Lime Lake lies in a basin of powdery grey-white limestone. Swimmers wading into the lake sink knee deep in this unusual mud.

At one time, Mrs. Gooch owned Lime Lake and was thinking of building a hunting and fishing lodge there. When Adelaide Hoodless, of suffragette fame, made a visit to Crawford Bay to address the Women's Institute, many of the males of the community, rather than running the risk of coming face to face with such a formidable-sounding lady, departed for the peninsula to build a trail to Lime Lake from Bootlegger Bay.

LIMI LAK

Kootenay Lake from Cordiana's

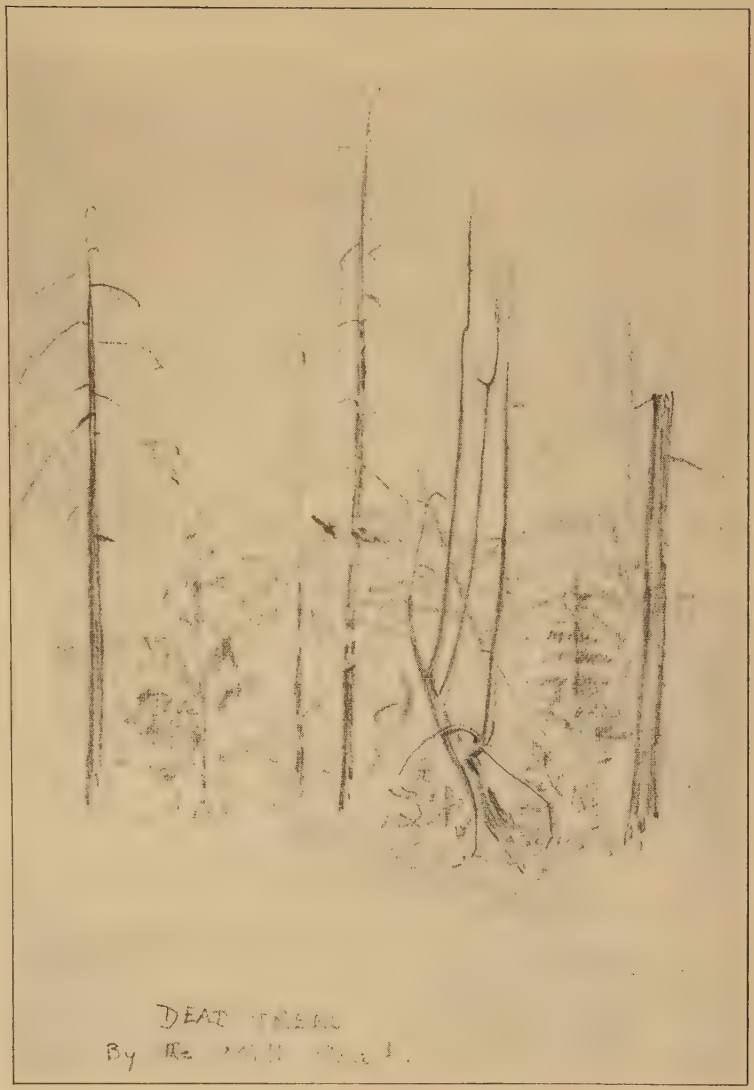
A peaceful beach, you say. Should you land on this beach notice how all the small rocks have been perfectly rounded by waves pounding the beach. The prevailing south-west wind blows directly onto this shore and often brings ten foot waves crashing in. Then think back to the night of November 29, 1898. On that night the sternwheeler "City of Ainsworth" was making her way down the west arm, bound for Bonners Ferry. As she turned into the main lake, the force of the gale caught her. Eight cords of firewood stacked on her bow made it difficult for her to answer her helm so the wood was thrown overboard. She lost way and with her paddlewheel nearly stopped she was at the mercy of the waves and wallowed as the gale caught her broadside. The captain, engineer and a seaman rowed three trips, each two miles in length, with four passengers at a time to shore. Two passengers and seven crew did not survive that night. Later the wreckage drifted on to the rocks at the entrance to Crawford Bay. An attempt was made to tow it into Nelson, but it sank for good in one hundred feet of water off Pilot Bay.

FROM CORDIANA'S

Dead Trees by Mill Road

Kathleen was always intrigued by the contrast between the skeletons of fire-killed trees and the lush growth of the West Kootenay forest. In this sketch the shape of the dead cedar in the foreground caught her eye and she felt compelled to draw it.

The road across Crawford Bay flats led to the Burden-Watson sawmill. Oscar Burden and Alfred Watson were two of Crawford Bay's pioneers. One of their many enterprises was a steam powered sawmill which cut lumber, flooring and supplied most of the V-join paneling used in the early homes of Crawford Bay. The number of employees at the sawmill varied from four to six.



DEAD [illegible]
By [illegible]

Hills Behind Crawford Bay

"The Bay" at that time probably contained more people than it does now, and yet this drawing, except for the boat, shows not a trace of the human hand. There is not a sign of a road or telephone line although we know both existed. The big burn which scarred the hill immediately behind Crawford Bay was still seventeen years in the future.

The mountains present a different face from that usually seen because the artist was situated at the extreme west side of the bay.

HILLS BEHIND CRAWFORD BAY
FROM FISH HAWK

Gray Creek Trail

This four mile road resulted from the widening of the 1908 pack trail. It linked Crawford Bay and Gray Creek and served until 1946 when the present highway was constructed. Parts of it can still be seen above the highway and give West Kootenay Power and Light crews access to the powerline. When cars first appeared in the district in the 1920's it caused much apprehension to beginning drivers who were well aware that if two vehicles met it would be necessary for one of them to back for a mile or more until the road was sufficiently wide for passing.

On one occasion it was reported to the Nelson Daily News that the Reverend Mr. Mahood had held a service in Gray Creek Hall and then proceeded to walk to Crawford Bay to hold a second service. According to the account in the News, finding his path blocked by a large black bear, he prudently decided to return to Gray Creek rather than discover whether the bear wished to embrace Christianity. Mr. Mahood was not amused and found this reporting much too flippant.

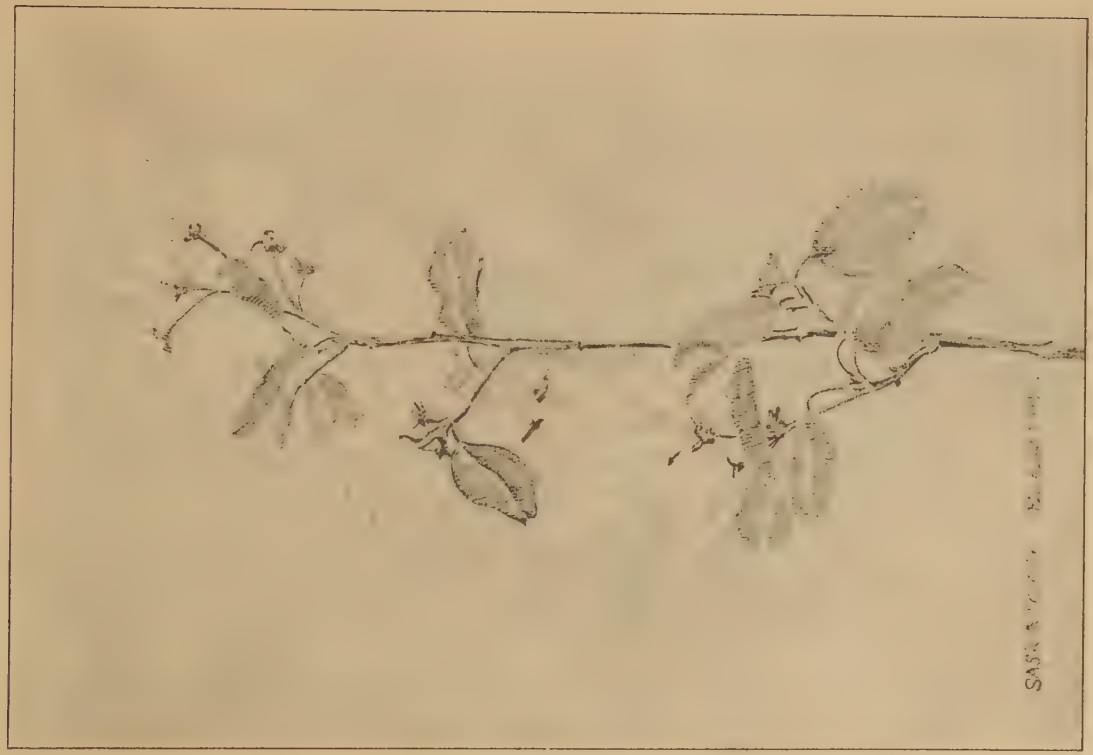
Ore Bin

Crawford Bay's first producing mine was the "California" which was shipping ore in 1896. Two later mines, the Silver Hill and the Richelieu were producing from 1901 to 1904. Ore was carried by a tramline built along the steep sides of Canyon Creek to its junction with Crawford Creek. It was then loaded into wagons to travel along the wagon road built on the east side of Crawford Bay. Its destination was the ore bin built against the steep rocks just south of Crawford Bay wharf. A barge could then transfer the ore to the Hall Mines smelter in Nelson. The ore bin was still visible through the 1930's but only a few weathered timbers remain after highway construction in 1946.

SELKIRK COLLEGE LIBRARY
CASTLEGAR, B. C.

Saskatoon Blossom

In April Saskatoon blossoms brighten the sides of our highway. Prairie visitors tell us that our saskatoon berries grow larger than those in Alberta or Saskatchewan but have less flavour. Nevertheless every year some of our roadside berries make their way to Calgary or Saskatoon in the form of jam and jelly.



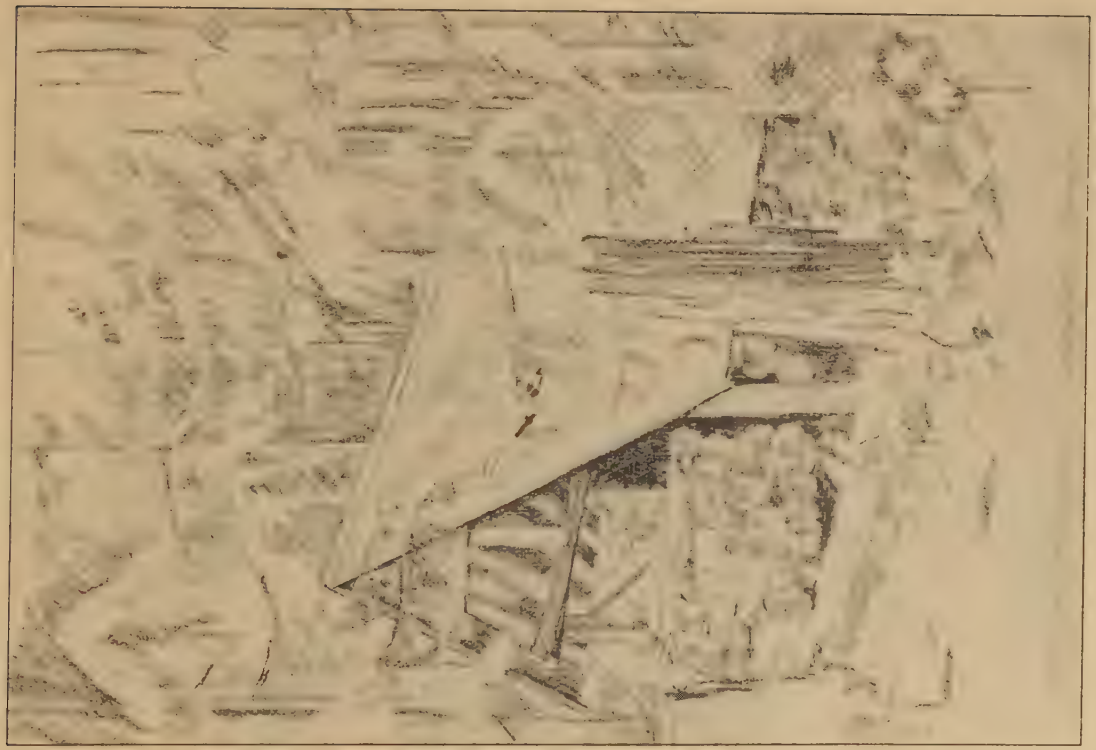
Looking towards Main Lake

This is one of my favourite views. Smith Point and Cape Horn appear in the near foreground, dark green and grey in colour, while behind we see the Selkirk Mountains, light blue with distance.

As children we were allowed to row anywhere in the five mile inlet that is Crawford Bay. We were expressly forbidden to venture out into the main lake and its reputation for sudden storms was impressed upon us. Now the term "main lake" has disappeared and we hear of north arm, west arm and south arm. Something has been lost. Life was more interesting with the shiver of apprehension that "main lake" brought to mind.

Part of Woodshed

Three fireplaces and a hungry cookstove made the woodshed an important part of the establishment. The settlers considered January the correct time of year to get in the next winter's wood. There was likely then to be sufficient snow to help the horse skid in the logs. A two man crosscut was the easiest way to cut up the logs but the swede saw made life simpler for the individual who had to cut by himself. An assortment of different kinds of wood was important and every good cook knew just when to put on cedar to bring to life a dying fire and how to use two pieces of birch to produce the high steady heat necessary for bread baking. Somehow baking from an oven heated by a wood fire tastes better than that from the on again, off again heat of an electric oven. No need to clean the oven of a wood stove, either!



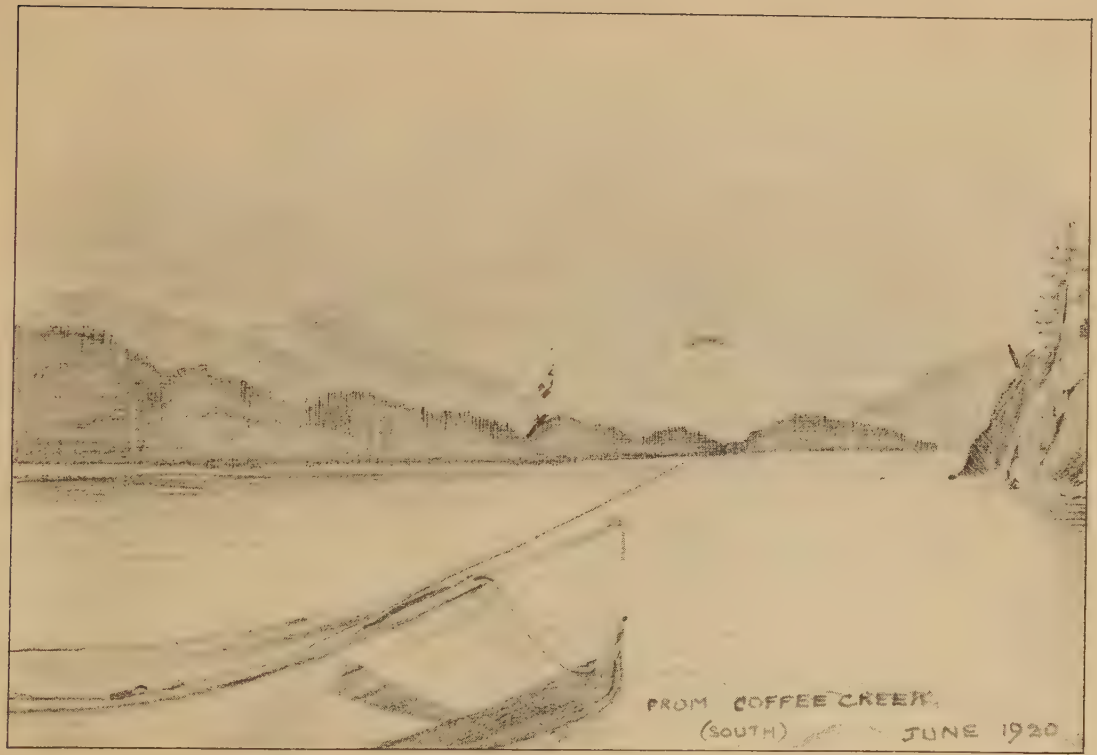
Benacre Ranch

An earlier drawing showed a winter view of the south side of Benacre Ranch. Here we see the north side and every pencil stroke attests to the fact that this is a spring picture. One can almost feel the growth as the grass, bushes, and trees reach higher and higher in their eternal competition for the sunlight.

Anne Dorothea Gooch was a remarkable woman. Although she was one of the warmest of people, her intense shyness made her sometimes seem forbidding. An outstanding family tree made her a descendant of Josiah Wedgwood of pottery fame, of Charles Darwin and a relative of Ralph Vaughn Williams, one of the best known English composers. She indulged in big game hunting and had a large collection of trophies, many from the Cassiar District of northern B.C...However, the dogs, cats and horses who shared her life were lucky indeed as they were pampered to the point of being spoiled. In the later 1930's, she left Crawford Bay to move to Metchosin, near Victoria, mainly for the sake of her three nieces and nephew whose guardian she had become. Before she left, she scrupulously broke each piece of a large set of regimental china which had belonged to her husband, Major J.S. Gooch. Her principles would not let the china fall into hands not entitled to use it, so it was given an honorable burial.

From Coffee Creek

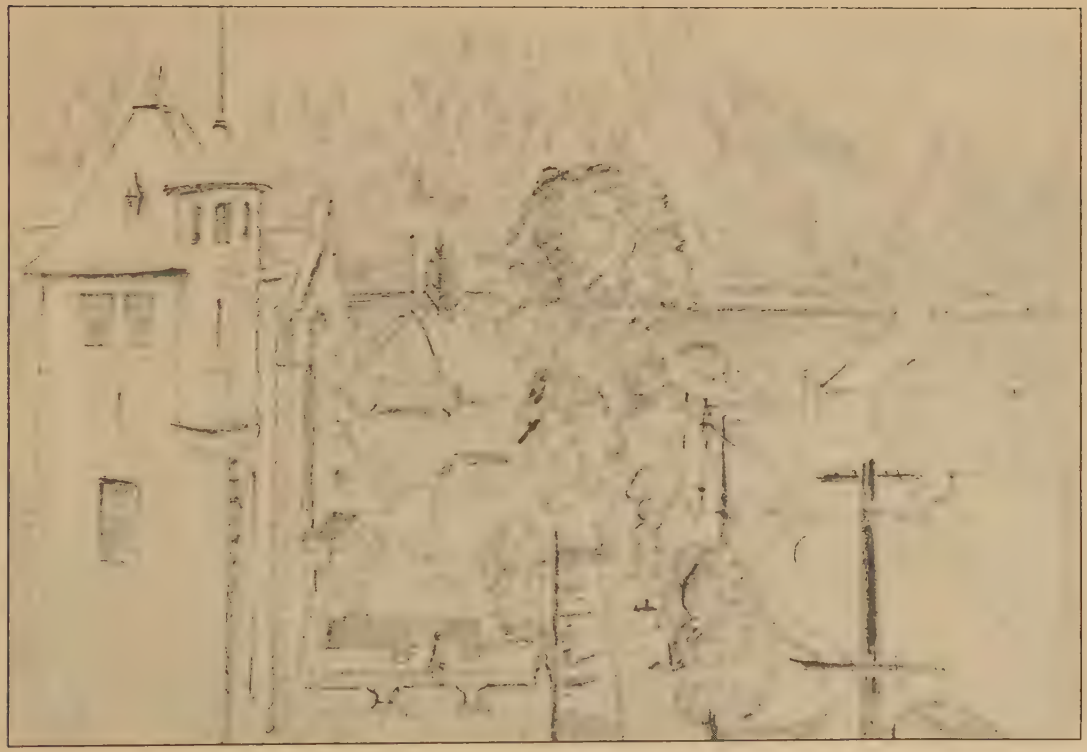
It must have meant an early start to journey to Coffee Creek. From Crawford Bay the party would have rounded Cape Horn, passed Sawmill Bay, Pilot Bay and Smelter Bay where the red brick chimneys are and then crossed the main lake to Coffee Creek, just south of Ainsworth. The view shows the whole length of the Pilot Bay Peninsula, the Purcell Mountains behind Crawford Bay and a little of the Selkirk Mountains on the west side of Kootenay Lake. Kathleen has captured some of the Kootenay peacefulness and clarity in this drawing.


FROM COFFEE CREEK
(SOUTH) JUNE 1920

Ward Street

Probably a toothache took Kathleen to Nelson and, as she had a corner room in the Hume Hotel, she made the previous sketch of Vernon Street and also this one of Ward Street, looking down towards the lake.

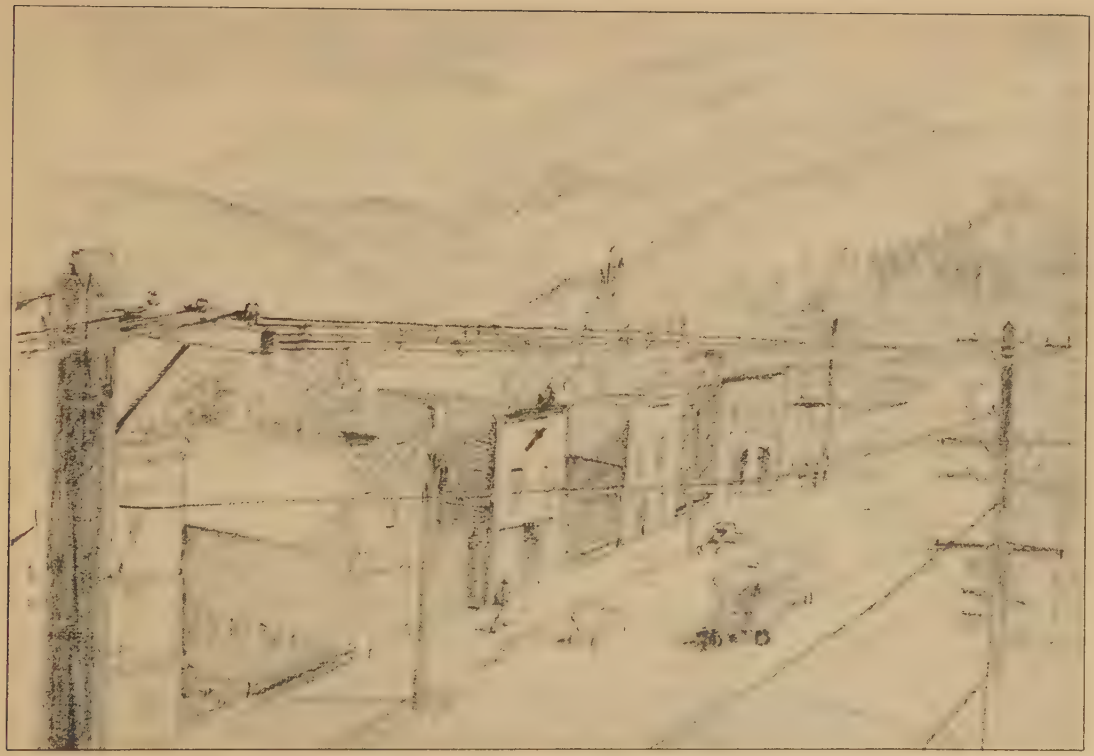
The Nelson courthouse which appears in the foreground was constructed of locally quarried granite and marble and was completed in 1908. The architect, F.W. Rattenbury, had just designed the Parliament Buildings in Victoria. One feels that he ignored the fact that the courthouse was a much smaller project and tried to cram in as many architectural features as he could. The multitude of towers, balconies, buttresses and pillars gives the courthouse a fairytale — almost a Disneylike — appearance. Look at it in the spring, as it dances behind the bursting green of chestnut leaves, and you will see what I mean.



Vernon Street

Here we see one of Nelson's streetcars dawdling along Vernon Street. Nelson was distinguished by having the smallest street railway system in North America and the only one in the interior of B.C.. The streetcar may have dawdled along Vernon Street but on at least two occasions a streetcar descending the steep Stanley Street skidded on wet leaves, went out of control and caused reconstruction of the exterior of the Royal Bank building.

Kathleen, having recently arrived from England, was fascinated by the false fronts of the buildings on the lower side of the street. The old red brick hospital is just visible on the bluff beyond Vernon Street.



Intake — June

If the woodshed was an essential feature of the settler's existence, the water intake ranked even higher. Neglect it at your peril. When creeks were rising rapidly in spring or falling quickly in late summer, it required at least weekly inspection. Screens could become clogged with debris or a piece of driftwood could stop water flow. In winter, ice presented its own special problems.

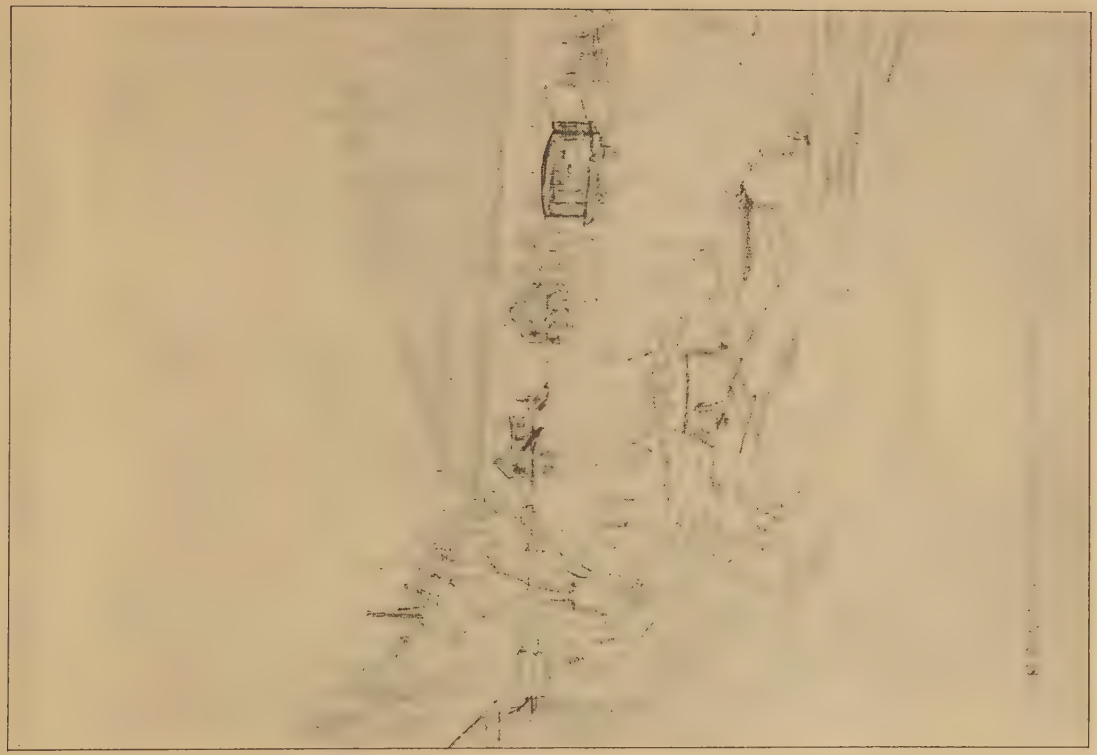
This particular intake was located on Skunk Creek, now renamed Burden Creek, and was a small community water system. The wooden stave pipe from the holding tank, constructed in the same way as wooden barrels are, led half a mile down the hillside and then along the side hill so that six homesteads were served. Naturally the first on the waterline did much of the maintenance but the last was earliest to feel a water shortage so community water systems could and did lead to community squabbles.

INTAKE - JUNE

Crawford Bay Wharf

From left to right, we see the wharfhouse which held incoming or outgoing freight, a boathouse and a houseboat. The houseboat is probably the one which belonged to Burden and Watson and each September used to journey down to the south end of the lake for duck shooting.

Travelling up the road from the wharf, one would first come to the Farmer's Institute feed store and fruit packing shed. During the 1930's, this was converted to the Crawford Bay Co-operative Store. The building still stands but is now used as a dwelling. A little farther along at the Y formed by the east side wagon road and the highway stood a friendly white wooden building with wide verandahs, the Crawford Bay Hotel. This was run by Mrs. Fournier and here dwelled Crawford Bay pioneer Oscar Burden, who possessed total recall of most of Crawford Bay's history. Nobody needed TV when he could listen to Oscar's stories. Unfortunately, the Crawford Bay Hotel twice burned, the victim of overheated stove pipes. The second time it was not rebuilt.



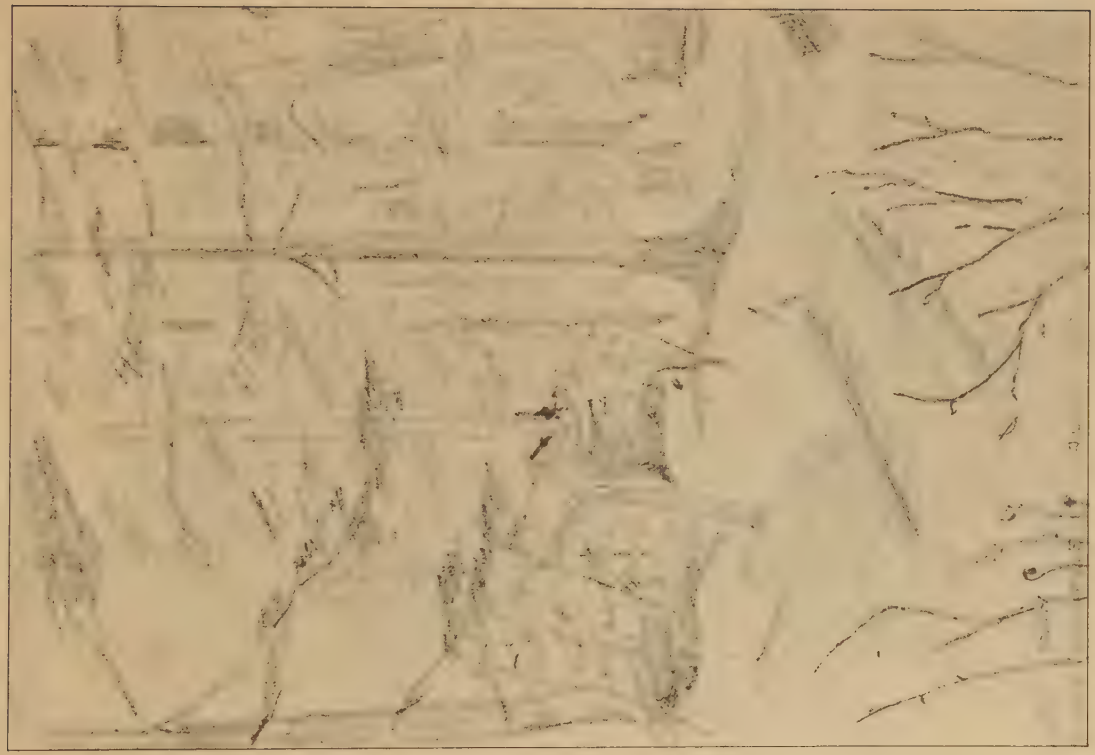
From La France

In 1920, La France, between Gray Creek and Boswell, was a tiny but separate community. It was mostly populated by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wall and their family of daughters.

The beach you see was formerly Wall's swimming beach but is now occupied by Mountain Shores Resort. A modern view would show the marina but would omit the tug travelling the 1920 highway, Kootenay Lake. La France Creek is hidden by the point of land in the sketch.

Late Snow near Raineville

Before 1930, if you wished to reach Crawford Bay by land you would have to start in the East Kootenay between Cranbrook and Kimberley and direct your pack train first up the St. Mary River and then up Redding Creek. This would lead you to Rose's Pass which is the source of Crawford Creek. As you travelled down Crawford Creek you would find evidence of the various mines which caused no small excitement in the years 1890-1910. Raineville, at the junction of Canyon and Crawford Creeks was Achilles Raineville's camp. Here ore from the tramline ore bin was "rawhided" to the beginning of the wagon road. Ore of sufficiently high grade was wrapped into bundles enclosed by green cowhides. A horse could drag several of these bundles through the snow.



Gray Creek Sun Spot

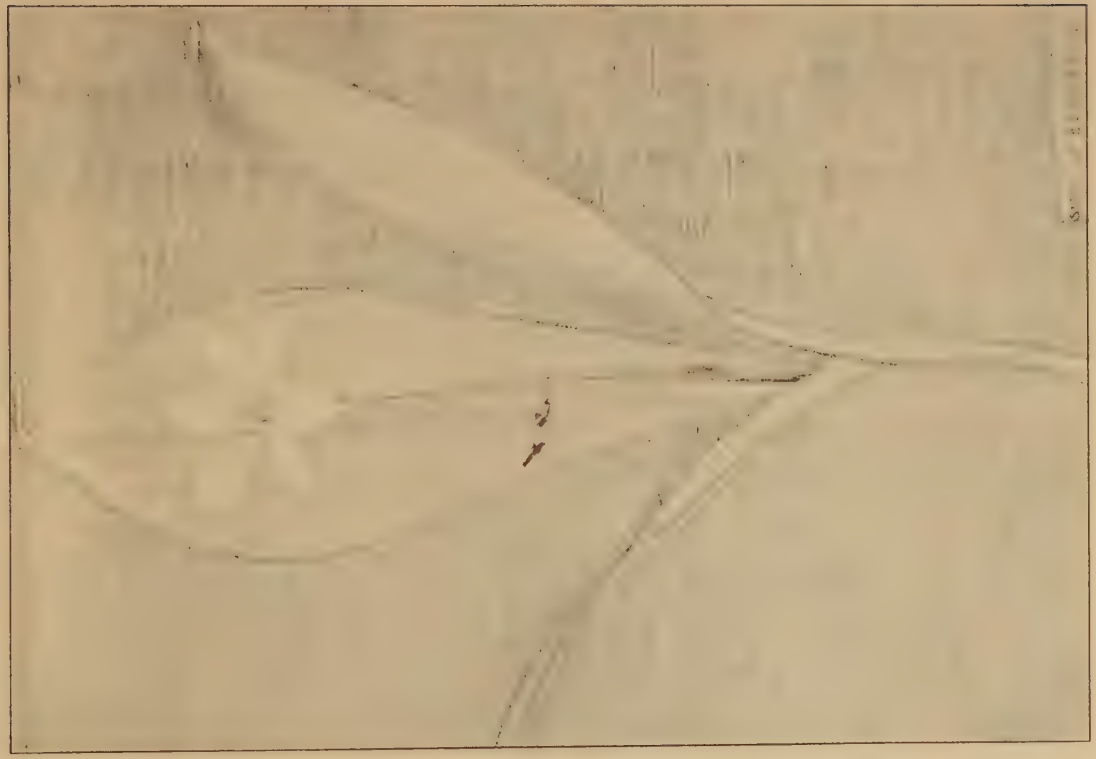
Look closely and you can imagine that you see the Crow Boat steam into view. During the 1920's there was no railroad on the west side of the lake. The train was met at Kootenay Landing near Kuskanook by the S.S. Kuskanook, called the Crow Boat because it was the train from the Crowsnest Pass that she was meeting. She travelled to Procter, just inside the West Arm, and passengers and goods reboarded the train at this point.

Captains and many of the crews of Kootenay Lake sternwheelers were generally Scots who had served their apprenticeships on boats plying the stormy ocean waters around the Scottish Islands. Such men as Captain MacKinnon and Captain MacLeod ran their boats with precision and punctuality. Gray Creek settlers used to set their watches by the time the Crow Boat hove into view. Later, when Captain MacKinnon was commanding the S.S. Nasookin, which was operating as a ferry from Gray Creek to Balfour, he would delay the last sailing upon receipt of a phone message from any point between Creston and Gray Creek except Sirdar. Why not Sirdar? There was a beer parlour at Sirdar and the captain did not trust any messages that might originate in a beer parlour. Therefore, if you were to call from the general store in Sirdar, the Nasookin would not wait for you.

Star of Bethlehem

The area is rich in wildflowers although many such as the shy pink ladyslipper grow in deep woods and are seen by few. Highway construction has eliminated the brilliant purple carpet of penstemon that used to clothe steep gravel roadbanks and railway cuttings in the Kootenays. Incidentally, when you drive Highway 3A don't assume eight feet of shoulder on either side of the blacktop. Our highways department tries hard but it just isn't possible on what is essentially a sidehill trail.

The North American name of Star of Bethlehem is Queen's Cup. It is common in woodsy places in June and later bears a single glossy blue berry. Caution: Don't mix these berries with your huckleberries. Although not poisonous, they won't improve the flavour.



Gray Creek Trail

The following exerpts are taken from the 1915 diary of Colin Haddon. Haddon, a Gray Creek bachelor, was hard at work developing a fruit ranch. Cash money was as necessary to him as to other settlers and road work only two miles from home which paid three dollars a day for ten hours with pick and shovel was the easiest way to obtain it.

"May 7, 1915: Bad news in the mail at night. Birkbeck, the road foreman, hears that we have only an appropriation of $300, instead of the $1,500 we were expecting - so instead of nearly two months on the road there will only be about eight days. Went along back with him after the mail (only papers). Everybody very depressed about the lack of roadwork, and it means getting a job outside, if possible.

Monday, July 15, 1915: Along at the bay first thing in the morning with the best intentions in the world. This week we will get in six solid days on the road - and eighteen plonks ($'s). And Fate sat up in the high heavens and laughed at us. It rained steadily from eight-fifteen right through to dark. We all quit at a quarter day and bang go our good resolutions.

Saturday, July 10, 1915: A finer day than yesterday, though we had one or two showers. Today the boss did not honour us with his presence at all, except for about five minutes - and we had a jolly day. Digging in the lime bank again, cutting out for a bridge. Saw a little brown bear on the trail going to work. We also saw two grouse and two rabbits come out on the road, and we all pelted rocks at them. The only casualties were the dinner pails - three got hit by flying rocks - one almost disabled."

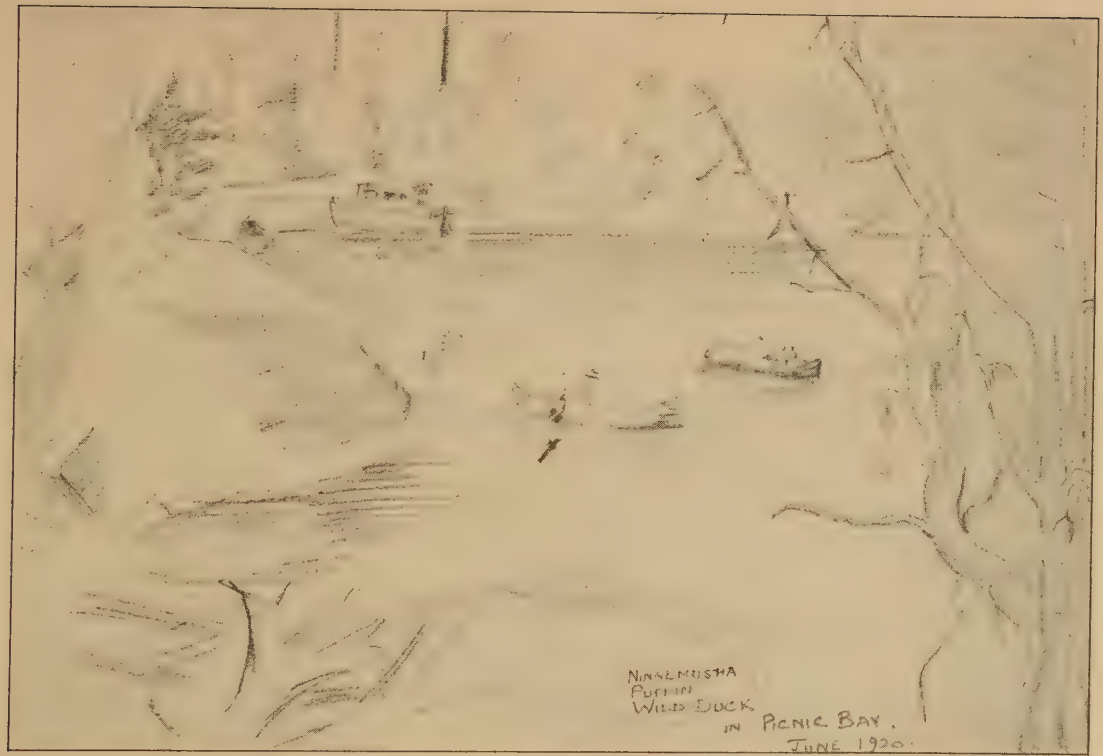
GRAY CREEK RANCH
JUNE 1950

Picnic Bay

Picnic Bay is directly opposite the community of Gray Creek. With a rocky island protecting the entrance it is a safe shelter from storms. We are always hoping it will be declared a marine park but so far the Regional District has turned a deaf ear.

One of Gray Creek's early social occasions was when Lady Wilmot, social leader and style setter, hosted a gathering at Picnic Bay. The guests, probably most of the community, rowed across the inlet and were treated to a sumptious lunch of fried chicken. Conversation flourished and, as so often happens on Kootenay Lake, a storm sprang up and the waves came crashing by. The rowboats had been low in the water on the trip over and it was thought best not to attempt a return trip. Everybody remembered the ample remains of lunch but alas all had been consumed by the famous peninsula wasps. When dusk came and the wind died, a hungry group was able to return home.

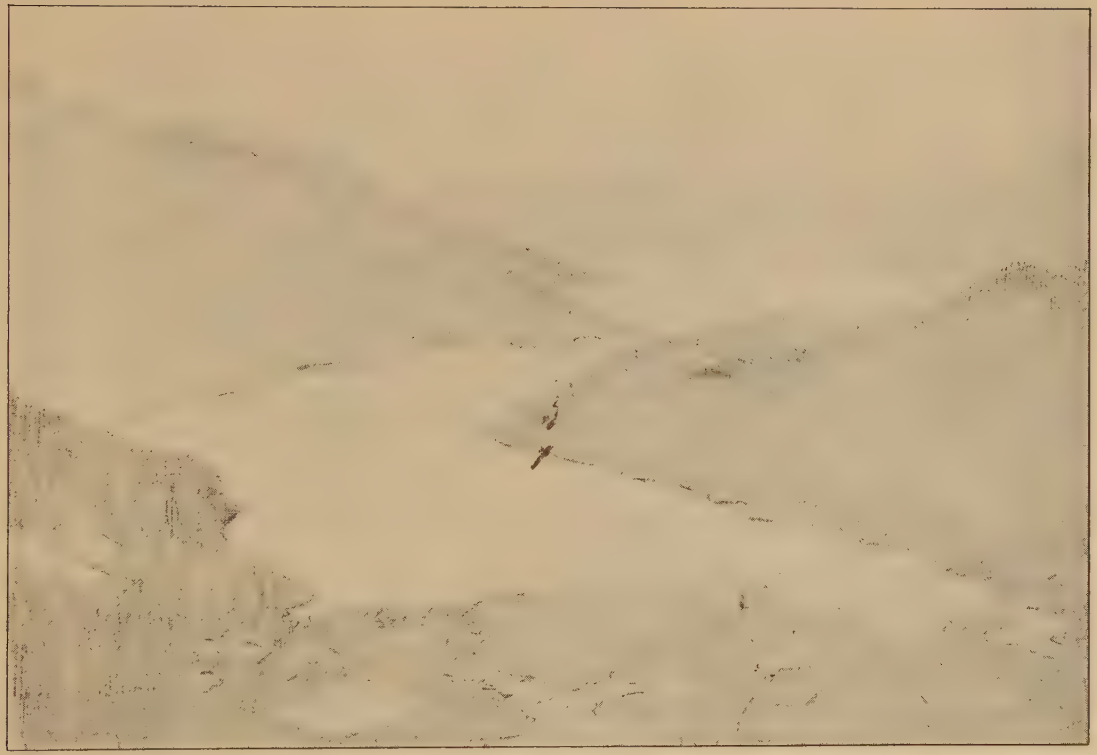
If any of my readers are old enough to recall the popular song "The Little Grey Home in the West", they might be interested to know that this was written about Sir John Eardley Wilmot's home in Gray Creek. The cousin who penned the words never saw the little grey home. Some years ago, CBC, whom I normally admire, used the song as theme music for a program on Westmount, Montreal. Sorry, CBC, but the words and music are nothing to do with the eastern establishment but are the proud possessions of Gray Creek, a little hamlet in the Purcell Mountains.


NINNEMUSHA
PUFFIN
WILD DUCK
IN PICNIC BAY.
JUNE 1920.

Kootenay Fiords

Kathleen missed the open downland of Wiltshire and often felt trapped in the narrow Kootenay Lake valley. Recent arrivals from the prairie provinces will sympathize. To her the best remedy for this type of claustrophobia was to climb high enough on a hill to be able to look down on miles of surrounding country.

Here it is possible to see the various clearings in the community. Remember that except for the assistance of a team of horses or the occasional help of blasting powder, all clearing was done by hand and stoning likewise. One early resident, August Hout, noted for his affinity for hard work, is supposed to have lowered the level of a one acre field by one foot by removing stones from it! We can also see Lime Lake on the peninsula, Smith Point and Clark's Point and down the main lake almost to Midge Creek.



Rose's Pass

Rose's Pass is named for Henry Rose, early prospector in the area. At Gray Creek one of his cabins was restored for the 1958 Centennial. Henry must have been quite a character and an entrepreneur willing to turn his hand to any chance of profit. Among other enterprises, he was apparently responsible for the red light district at Pilot Bay. The red light district was located on houseboats anchored in the bay so we can credit Henry Rose with the introduction of the first waterbeds to the Kootenay.

Near the summits of all British Columbia mountain ranges is found this attractive alpine country. Tall spruces frame alpine meadows with their tiny lakes. Unfortunately, the alpine environment is very delicate and is easily destroyed by the too heavy hand and foot of the modern human. Living in the Kootenays brings one to appreciate the Indian concept of living with rather than exploiting the land.

Looking Back from Sawyer Pass Trail to Rose's Pass

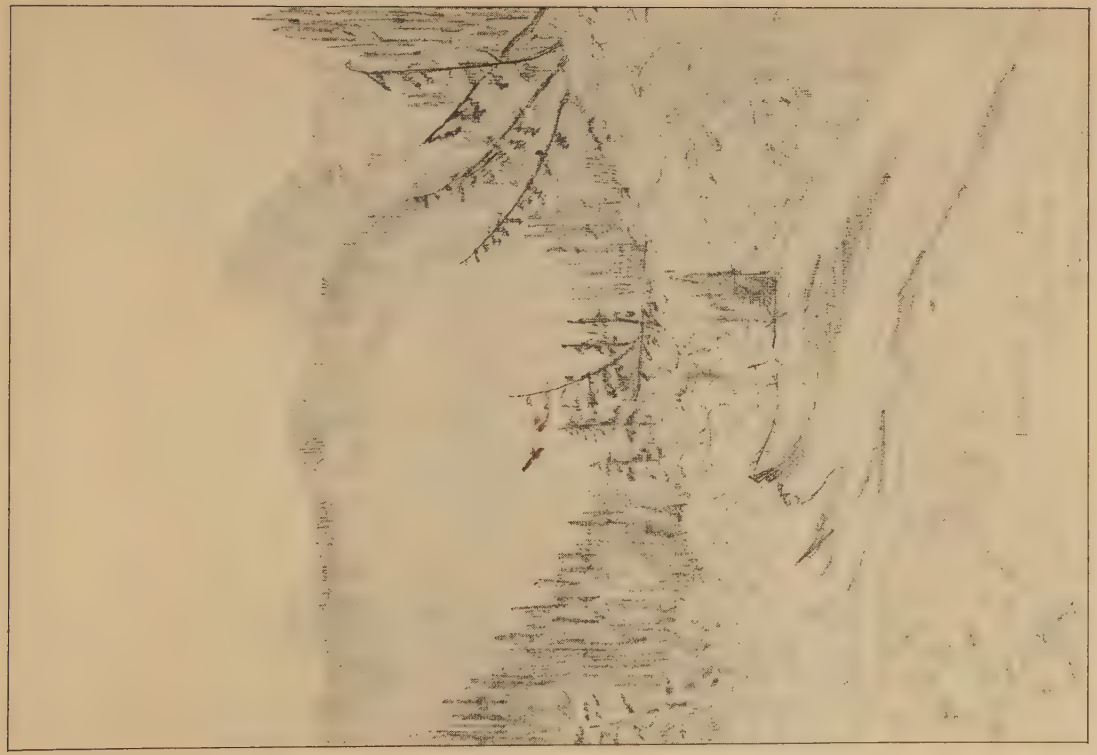
Sawyer Pass was an alternate to Rose's Pass and an earlier route to the East Kootenay.

Here I want to introduce two friends of Kathleen who both lived on Anderson Road in Gray Creek. Anderson Road is famous for its bear population and each woman had her own way of dealing with these furry neighbours.

Amanda Anderson was a statuesque and capable Swedish woman who had married Norman Anderson whose fruit ranch was near the top of Gray Creek community. The Andersons came closest of any settlers to living entirely on their own home grown produce. Their small farm included a horse, a cow and her offspring, pigs, chickens, walnut trees and an orchard. In her spare time Amanda worked at her spinning wheel and her loom.

One one occasion Amanda noticed a commotion in the pig pen. A yearling bear was attacking the half grown pigs. The gun was out of reach in the house so she grabbed the big double-bitted splitting axe. She slew the bear. That winter the Andersons dined less on pork and more on bear meat.

Sarah Benthien lived a little lower on the hill than Amanda. Her determination showed early in life when she became a kitchen maid in a large English house. Sarah wanted desperately to learn how to cook but the cook, tyrant in her kitchen, scoffed at her timid request. So Sarah



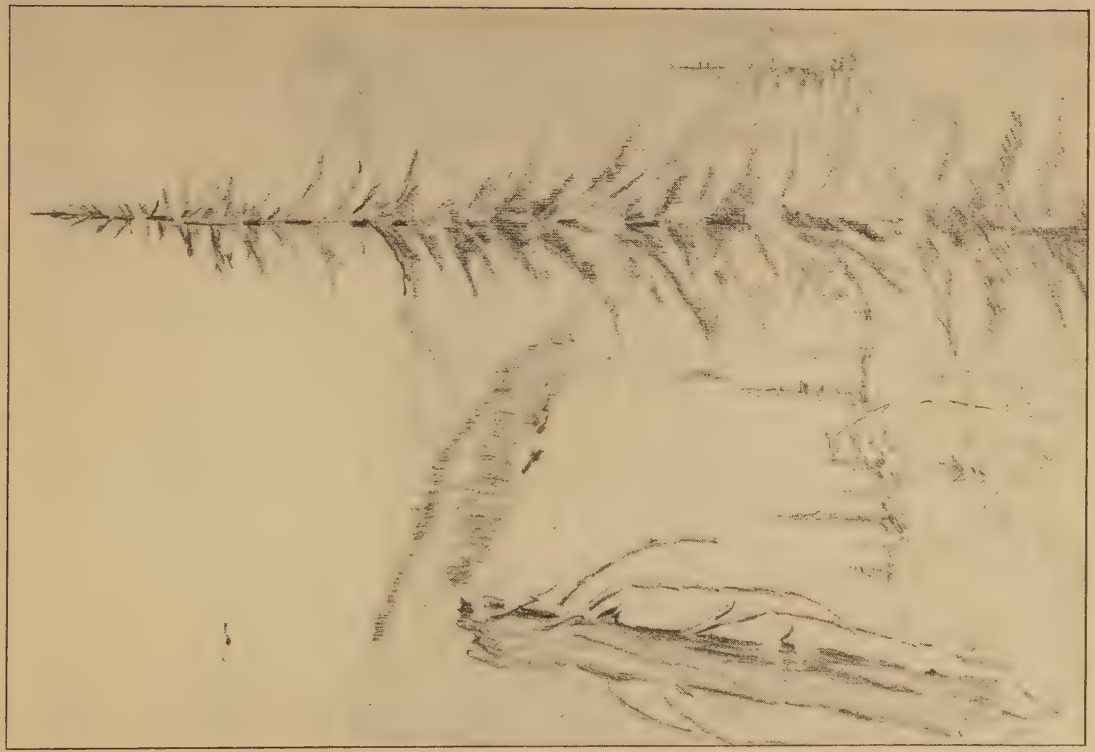
kept a tiny spoon in her apron pocket and before she put each dish in the oven tasted it to determine its contents. That she was successful was attested to by the later popularity of her cooking and baking at community suppers in Gray Creek. She had a similar approach to letter writing. Lacking a dictionary, she searched for any unfamiliar word in the Bible. If it wasn't in the Bible obviously she shouldn't use it.

Sarah, who stood about five feet one inch in her socks, was mortally afraid of bears. But twice a week she walked the mile down the hill to the local store and post office and every three weeks to church services at Gray Creek Hall. She had put several pebbles in a baking powder tin and shook this as she walked along. After years of such trips she reported triumphantly that she never met a bear.

It may be different in other neighbourhoods but in this small village we accord special status to well-liked senior citizens. Sarah lived to enjoy her "first lady" status. Her eightieth birthday was a gala affair and her eighty-first even more so. Today the village is a little larger and we have two "first ladies", Mary Oliver of Gray Creek and Winnie Simpson of La France.

From Hazel May

In 1890, a good pack trail established by Moulsen and Fenwick opened the route from the East Kootenay into Crawford Bay. Prospectors were not slow to take advantage and by 1895 numerous claims had been recorded. The Hazel May mine was one of these remote mines far back in the hills.



St. Mary's River

From here the St. Mary's River flows east on its way to join the Kootenay River which then makes a brief excursion into Montana and Idaho and turns north again to form Kootenay Lake. In this drawing, we look across the broad Rocky Mountain Trench to the lightly sketched shapes of the Rocky Mountains in the background.

If the nefarious scheme of the Kootenay Diversion ever takes place the health of Kootenay Lake will depend to a large extent on the water of the St. Mary's. The flow from the upper Kootenay will be removed to the Columbia River and residents along the Kootenay may find themselves living a parched and polluted existence. Naturally, we hope this will never happen.

ST MARY'S

Crawford Creek Ford

In July, the Gooches took Kathleen and Tom on a pack trip up Crawford Creek, through Rose's Pass and on to a point where it was possible to look down on the Rocky Mountain Trench.

Crawford Creek valley used to be a fantastic place with its giant cedars and clear fish filled streams. Note the size of the cedar at the right of this picture. The local logging outfits obtained timber sale licenses and logged but the basic nature of the valley did not change. Then, in 1971-72, it underwent a devastating logging. The local loggers were stunned and critical of the "big outfit", especially when one of the set brush fires got away and burned some of the locals' costly equipment. Now we wonder if maybe our greatgrandchildren will see tall cedars growing in Crawford Creek valley.

CAMP AT CRAWFORD CREEK FORD
JULY 24 20 .

Postscript

In November, 1922, Kathleen returned to Crawford Bay from England to marry Arthur Lymbery, postmaster at Gray Creek. Life in Gray Creek included cherry and apple packing, work in the local store and post office as well as raising a family. Fun included the Crawford Bay Women's Institute, performing in and directing plays at Gray Creek and later oil painting and much embroidery. She operated a Gray Creek resort and nearly every camper called her friend. Kathleen left us in June, 1974. We still miss her.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Lorna Lytle of Crawford Bay and June and Bill Fraser of Kootenay Bay for their help in remembering, also Edward L. Affleck, author of "Kootenay Lade Chronicles" and Art Downs, author of "Paddlewheels on the Frontier".

The Author

Alice Bruce was born in Nelson, B.C. and spent her early years in Gray Creek where she attended the one room school on the lakeshore. Later, she went to school and university in Vancouver and became a science teacher. After teaching in Cranbrook, Rossland, Kimberley and Kamloops, she married Stan Bruce, a Noranda mining engineer. With him she explored other corners of the province. Today, Alice lives once again in Gray Creek with her two children. She persists in trying to farm in an area that is rapidly becoming a recreational and retirement community.

JUN 16 1981
DEC 11 1981